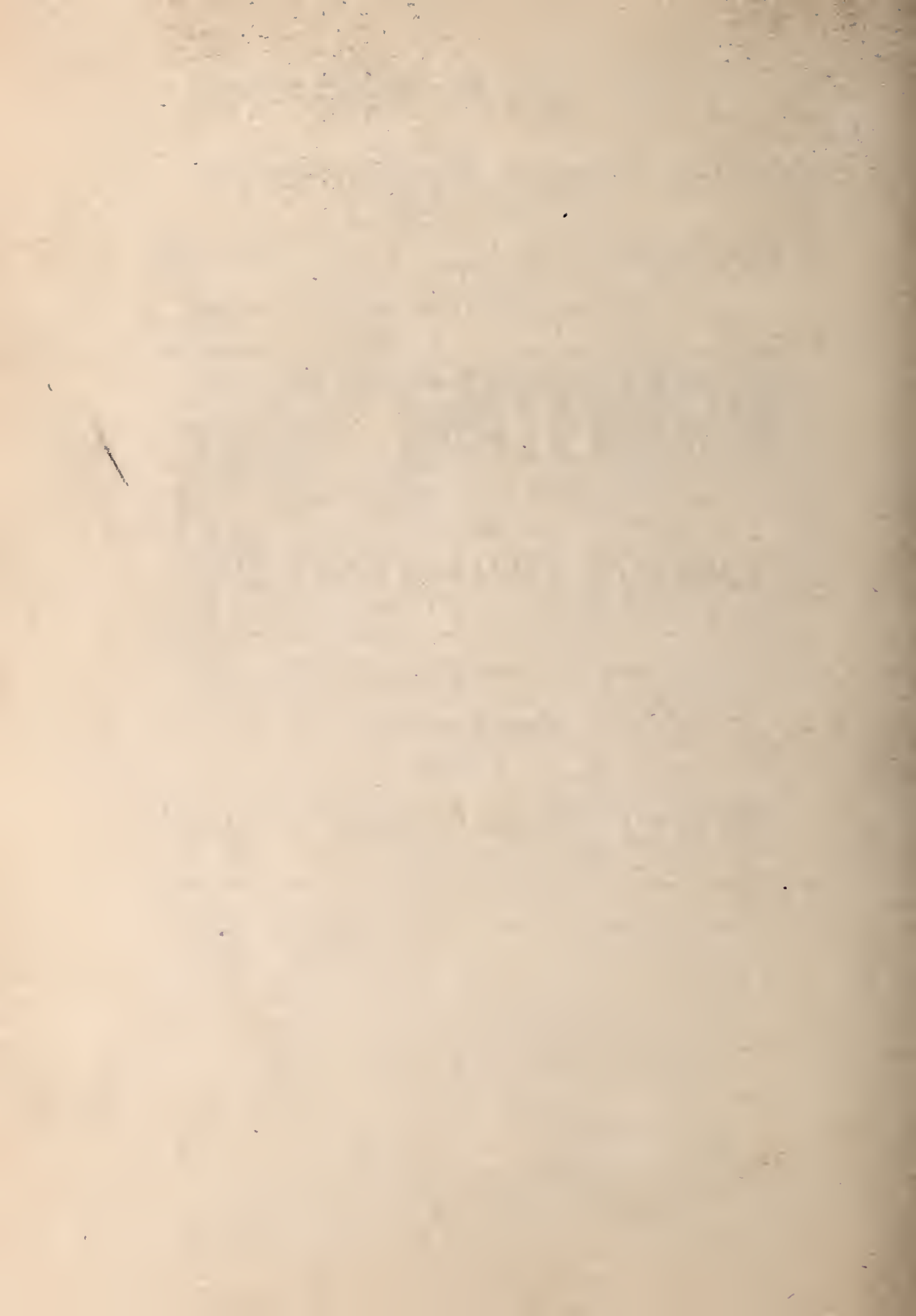






The

MISSILE

PHS

JANUARY

1926



In Memoriam

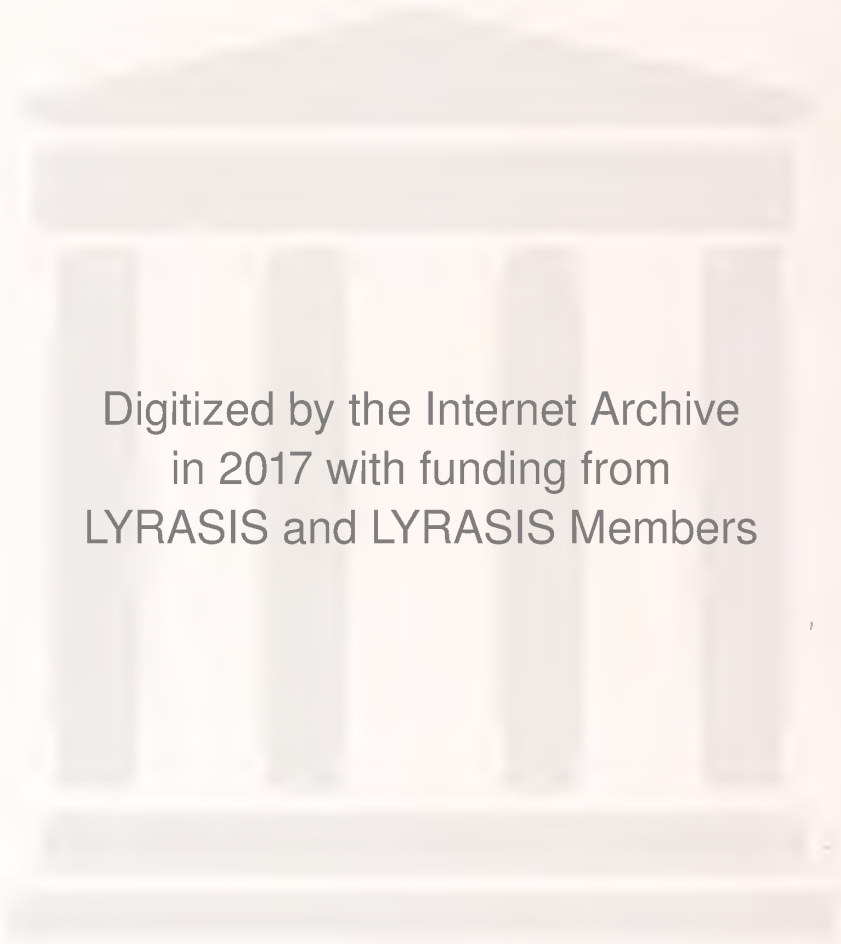


Antrobus Bond Gray

In the life and character of our beloved classmate was found the true Christian type of manhood. Everybody was his friend, all who knew him loved him, and he stood always for the highest principles of justice. First Honor Man at High School and on the Dean's Honor Roll of the first year class of Hampden-Sidney College, he was early in this mortal life given the greatest reward of an eternal life with Christ in Heaven.

Hugh Wilkerson.

Audrey Bozelle.



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
I Wonder.. Oliver Downing	1
The Old Corner..... Annis Milby	2
God's Word..... Elizabeth Falconer	3
Mose's Eyes Thelma Blanks	4
To A Stump John Franklin	9
Old Benn's Church..... Mary Barlow	10
"Why the Violets has Golden Hearts'" Sadie Usher	11
Josh Enters The Movies William Grossmann	12
A Lost Cemetery..... Mary Bradsher	15
Rain Eulice Franklin	16
Fatality Powell Lum	17
Ths Burning of Rushing River Edith Richardson	17
Night Thoughts..... Elizabeth Falconer	20
My First Impression of Golf Francis Toms	21
In Old Camp Lee..... Rosa Townes	22
The Black Rider Roger Ellington	23
Night Sadie Usher	25
Tinkering..... Thomas Harding	25
Rain Fairies Mildred Southall	27
A Modern Musketeer Richard Jackson	27
To A Firefly..... John Barrett	29
The High School in the Opinion of Petersburg Citizens..... Harriet Pope	30
Thunder..... William Hawkins	31
Editorial Comment.....	32
Little Missiles	34
Scraps	38
Exchange	40
Advertisements.....	41

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THE MISSILE

I WONDER

By Oliver Downing.

I wonder what is up so high,
Beyond the sight, up in the sky,
If planets large, or meteors small
Lie behind that crystal wall.

I often wonder, if up there,
There lives a boy, 'way in the air
Upon a world we cannot see,
And wonders if there is a me.

Is there, I wonder, beyond the wall,
An end of things, both large and small;
If end there is, I wonder then,
What is beyond that baffles men.

THE OLD CORNER

By Annis Milby.

The human heart loves corners. The very word "corner" is suggestive of snugness and easy comfort, and he who has no liking for such places is something more or less than mortal. I have seen people whose ideas of comfort were singularly crude and imperfect; who thought that it consisted in keeping a habitation painfully clear, and in having every book or paper that might give token of the place being a dwelling of a human being carefully out of sight. We have great cause for thankfulness that such people are not common (for a little wholesome negligence is by no means an unpleasant thing) so that we can say that mankind generally likes to snuggify itself, and is therefore fond of a corner. This natural fondness is manifested by the child with his playthings and infantile sports, in one of which, at least, the attractions of corners for the feline race are brought strongly before his inquisitive mind. And how is this liking strengthened and built up as the child increases in secular knowledge, and learns in the course of his poetical and historical researches all about the personal history of Master John Horner, whose sedentary habits and manducation of festive pastry are famous wherever the language of Shakespeare and Milton is spoken!

This love of nooks and corners is especially observable in those

who are obliged to live in style and splendor. Many a noble English family has been glad to escape from the bondage of its rank, and has found more real comfort in the confinement of a Parisian entresol than amid the gloomy grandeur of its London home. Those who are condemned to live in palaces bear witness to this natural love of snugness by choosing some quiet sunny corner in their marble halls, and making it as comfortable as if it were a cosy cottage. Napoleon and Eugenie were delighted to escape from the magnificence of the Tuileries to that quiet and home-life refuge for people who were burdened with imperial dignity, amid the thick foliagae and green alleys of St. Cloud.

An American gentleman once called on the great and good Cardinal Cheverus, and while talking with him of his old friends in America, said that the contrast between the Cardinal's position in the episcopal palace of Bordeaux and in his former humble residence when he was Bishop of Bordeaux was a very striking one. The humble and pious prelate smiled, and taking his visitor by the arm, led him from the stately hall in which they were conversing into a narrow room furnished in a style of austere simplicity: "The palace," said he, "which you have seen and admired is the residence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux;

but this little chamber is where the world.
John Cheverus lives."

Literary men and statesmen have always coveted the repose of a corner where they might be undisturbed by the wranglings of the world.
If we look into our own hearts, I think we shall, most of us, find that we have a clinging attachment to some favorite corner.

GOD'S WORLD

By Elizabeth Falconer.

We very seldom stop to think
About who made this earth or why
'Twas made and why 'tis beautiful
Nor do we ever, ever cry
When we see the violets die.

For lilacs always take their place,
And then the roses bloom in June
And birds are always, always singing
And nothing ever comes too soon
And, too, the world's always in tune.

No, we never stop to say
Just how lovely is a flow'r
But everyone complains of rain
And never thinks a leafy bow'r
Could not live without a show'r

Now and then. But oh, how true
That if there were neither tree nor lake
Nor any flowers anywhere,
Nor sigh nor song the calm to break,
Ah, what a difference 'twould make !

MOSE'S EYES

By Thelma Blanks.

Three hours before sunrise, while the Vermont village of Norton still lay in a drizzle of autumn fog which floated down from the slopes of the hills, the front door of Proctor's Drygoods Store cautiously opened. The man who stepped upon the wooden stairs wore heavy army shoes, tight trousers and a short-tail coat, and under his arm he huddled a battered black money box. As Mark Kane peered around him again a swift, black-spotted bird dog slipped out of the door and darted away. Kane jerked; the dog's sudden move had startled him. He tiptoed down the unstable steps, eager to hasten away. He had robbed Jeff Proctor's safe.

As he began to push through the thick fog, he abruptly paused. The dog, huge and old, was standing in Kane's path, his sharp eyes, tinged with green, fixed on Kane.

Mose had been Jeff Proctor's dog since puppyhood; now he was aged and usually voiceless. Unseen in a black corner of the store-room Mose had silently witnessed a struggle between Kane and Proctor, in which Kane had shot the older man. Kane shuddered; the dog's stare was almost human—his eyes were accusing eyes.

"Git!" he ordered, whirling a rock at Mose, who reared back and retreated toward Proctor's store.

Mark Kane lived in a dusty and ramshackle hall, a flight above the street. Painted above the door was the name, "The Abode." Hugging the battered tin box close under his arm, he pushed through the swinging doors, ran up the worn stairs quietly, and unlocked the door of his single room. In the dark he sat down heavily. His agitated mind reviewed the tense half hour of the past.

He had broken into Proctor's store, and had opened without much difficulty the antiquated safe in which Proctor always kept his money. Proctor's living quarters were situated above the store. An uneasy sleeper, he had heard Kane prowling, and had slipped downstairs. But Kane, in turn, had heard the creaking of the stairs under the old man's weight, and had hidden in the darkness. He had thrown himself forcibly upon Proctor from behind. A short fight followed, in which Kane had fired his revolver—a thirty-two revolver, fitted with a silencer. Proctor had doubled on the floor. Without waiting to examine the fallen man, Kane had snatched up the box containing the money and had hastened away. Now he speculated about the consequences of his crime. Had he killed Proctor? He shuddered and hoped not. Had Proctor seen Kane's face? Would the storekeeper give the police a description which would lead to him? But the

struggle had occurred in the darkness, and Kane felt sure that Proctor had not seen his features.

He knew that suspicion would likely move toward him. He was an unpopular man in the town. His gambling at cards, his neglect of religion, his drinking as much as he liked and laughing at respectability—all had shocked the village church-goers. Moreover, he had paid his rent and board regularly and seemed to be furnished with much money—all without visible income. Naturally, being such a charter, the townspeople would suspect him of the robbery. Realizing this, he prepared to establish an alibi—proof that he was innocent of the crime he had committed.

He lighted the yellow electric globe of his room. Kane opened Proctor's money box. He counted the money. Ninety-six dollars.

"Not much," he muttered, "but I need it."

How could he hide the old bond box? If it were found in his possession, he could easily be convicted of the theft. His revolver must be hidden also, for the caliber of the bullet in Proctor's body would connect it with the crime. Moreover, the bond box was lettered J. P., and the hard rubber butt of the gun was decorated with the initials M. K. Both must be secreted. Kane enclosed the gun in the bond box. From the top of the closet he took down his suitcase, rolled the box inside several pair of worn trousers, and replaced the grip on the shelf.

"That's safe enough," he decided. "The rest of my little

scheme can wait until morning."

He undressed, went to bed, and slept well.

When he awoke, the first yellow of the sun was coloring his window sill. He dressed quickly. After a light breakfast at the Royal Cafe he waited on the corner of Main and Pearl Streets, to see if he could see George Carr, Proctor's clerk.

Soon he saw him coming down the street, whistling a merry tune.

"Say, George!" Kane called.

"Morning!" young Carr answered briskly. "You're up early, aren't you?"

"Been waiting for you. I'll walk along your way. I want you to do a favor for me."

"I'll do what I can," George said.

"Yesterday I got a letter with a good deal of money in it, George. Now, I don't want to keep all of it in my room, and I don't want to go to the bother of putting it in bank, for I'll need it in a few days. Now, will you take the money for me and keep it in the safe at your store for a couple of days?"

"Well, if you want me to, I will," George agreed, "but, of course, I can't be responsible for it, Kane."

"Here's the money, twenty dollars. It means a lot to me."

As Kane watched George Carr move toward Proctor's store he chuckled maliciously. "That settles your hash, young man! You'll have some explaining to do about how you got that money!"

He turned away. Standing a few feet away the bird dog, Mose,

with eyes shining strongly, faced Kane. Mose growled deep in his throat.

"Shut up, you whelp!" Kane moved threateningly toward the dog. "I'll have you shot, you mangy pup!"

He hastened away. When he looked backwards in a few moments, Mose was gone.

Within an hour the entire village was in a hubbub. George Carr, arriving at Proctor's store, had found the door unlocked, the safe open, and Proctor himself lying unconscious at the foot of the stairs, wearing only his night-shirt. A bullet had shattered his shoulder. The ministrations of Dr. Jones restored the old man. The doctor dressed his shoulder and sentenced him to two months in bed. Meanwhile Constable West had busied himself.

Taking complete charge of the situation, he commanded the villagers around the drygoods store to disperse, and promised them that within a few hours he would certainly find the criminal who had committed the first crime to dismay the town in two calm years.

"When I find the man that shot my friend, Jeff Proctor," West declared, "he's going to get the limit. I'll search every man and every house in the county so as to find the guilty man and the money that was stolen from Jeff Proctor's safe!"

When Constable West made his given announcement, Mark Kane was standing close. He became filled with apprehension. If his room was thoroughly searched, both Proctor's box and the gun

would be found and Kane would be arrested instantly. He determined to hide them more securely. He would carry them into the woods, and would bury them deep. That would place them beyond discovery. Meanwhile, however, he moved to construct more completely his alibi.

In front of Allen's Drug Store, he found his friend, Bert Dunn, eating a chocolate bar. Kane drew him aside.

"Now, listen, Bert. The whole town is down on me, and they'd do anything to get me arrested for robbing Proctor when I didn't do it at all."

"Didn't you?" Bert grinned.

"Certainly I didn't!"

"Then where were you last night? I didn't see you around."

"That's exactly the point, Bert. I was in my room all night, fast asleep! I know it's a poor alibi, Bert, but just for that reason I'm liable to be arrested. Not because I stole the money, but because I can't prove that I didn't steal it. Now, if they ask me what I was doing last evening, I'll say I was sitting up all night with you playing cards."

"You want me to lie for you, eh?"

"You wouldn't let a pal of yours go to jail when just a word from you will keep him out, would you? I've got five dollars for you if you'll do it."

"Well, that's a different matter; make it ten and I'll do it."

"All right, ten then. Now stick to your story."

Kane smiled as he turned away, but jerked himself to a halt as he saw the dog, Mose, solid and set,

glowering at him accusingly from the middle of the street.

"You cur!" he snarled, "I'll kill you some day!"

Kane felt himself secure. He felt so safe that when Constable West appeared in the door of Proctor's store as he was passing, he experienced no fear.

"Hey, you, Kane! Come in here, sir!"

"Certainly," Kane agreed.

"I'm investigating this crime thoroughly, and I'm finding some surprising things." He stared at Kane and accused him. "You're implicated. I'm going to hold an investigation this evening in my office, and you've got to be there."

"Certainly, I'll be there," Kane agreed easily.

Old Mose was seated wearily on the curb as Kane came down the steps. West went over and patted him. "Hey, you Mose! You're a fine watch dog. You let your master be robbed and shot last night and you didn't make a move or a sound to protect him. You're so old you're not worth anything any more."

In his room Kane pulled the grip down out of the closet, removed the tin box and wrapped it in brown paper. Then he tucked it under his arm. When he came into the street, he turned down a side street, and started for the woods.

He placed the box in the hole which he dug, covered it carefully, and tramped on the dirt with his heels. Then he felt a presence. Whirling around, he found the black and white body

of Mose, silhouetted against the sky above him. The dog's shaggy head was bent low, his sad eyes were fixed on Kane—eyes that knew and accused.

"You whelp!" Kane gasped. He hurled a rock at the aged dog; it struck Mose's front paw. Mose yelped painfully, whirled, limped down the hillside, and disappeared among the trees.

"Good evening, folks!" Kane greeted, as he entered the constable's office for the investigation. George Carr and Bert Dunr were already there.

Constable West motioned Kane to a chair. At the same time the official lifted from the desk an ancient black leather Bible, from which ragged pages fell out. He raised his right hand and signified the others to do likewise.

"Do you solemnly promise, so help you God, that you will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I do," they chorused.

"Now, we'll get down to business. I've got my suspicions of two men in this town who might have robbed Proctor. It might have been young George Carr, or it might have been you, Mark Kane."

"I didn't do it!" declared George Carr.

"And neither did I," Kane echoed.

"Now, George Carr, twenty dollars were found in your possession after Proctor's safe was discovered empty. How did you get that money?"

"Mark Kane gave it to me," George stated clearly. "He asked me to keep it for him in Proctor's

safe."

"Mark Kane," West asked, "is that true?"

"No," Kane stated. "It's a lie!"

"It's true!" Carr shouted.

"It's a lie!" Kane snapped again.

"Wait!" West interposed. "Kane, did you give that money to George Carr?"

"I never gave any money to George Carr in my life!" Kane lied.

"George, have you any witnesses to prove Kane gave you that money?"

"No," admitted George.

"George Carr, account for your actions last night."

"After I came home from the store last night I ate supper and went to my room, and read until 10 o'clock, then I went to bed."

"Can you prove that?" West inquired.

"It's true. I did that and nothing else."

"Then you can't produce any witnesses to prove that you were home all night, can you?"

"No, sir," he answered unwillingly. "I can't."

"Mark Kane, what were you doing all last night?"

"I sat up all night, chief, and played cards with my friend, Bert Dunn."

"Bert Dunn, is that true?"

"Yes, sir, that's true."

"Well, things look bad for you, George. You could have robbed Proctor easily. You haven't proved you were somewhere else last

night, and Kane has. You were found with twenty dollars in your pocket. Proctor told me this afternoon that he had two brand new five-dollar bills in his cash box last night, and that one of them had a crayon mark on it when he got it from the bank. Well, in the twenty dollars we found on you there was that marked five dollar bank note. Proctor almost wouldn't say it was the same one this morning because he likes you, George; but he finally did admit that it must be the bill stolen from his safe."

"But I didn't do it!"

"Tut, tut! That's what all crooks say. You'll have to come along to jail, George. Kane, you can go home, I reckon."

Kane turned toward the door, but he stopped short. In the open doorway stood old Mose, his paws dirty and damp, and in his jaws the brown wrapped tin box which Kane had buried! Mose glared at Kane.

Mose released the tin box. He crouched in the doorway, barring it, his eyes blazing green, his teeth clenched. A freezing chill coursed over Kane's body. Desperately he started forward. The dog snapped, snarled—defied him to pass!

"What's the matter with that dog? What's that package?" West tore the paper off it. "Why, it's Proctor's money box!"

Kane felt a wild, uncontrollable impulse to propel himself out of the office. When he started forward Mose leaped. He fell backward, stumbling, limp with fear.

West opened the box. "Here's

the gun! And it's got M. K. cut in the butt. M. K. stands for Mark Kane! Mark Kane, you liar, you stole that money!"

In a moment a pair of handcuffs flashed from the constable's pocket and encircled Kane's wrists.

"It's you who go to the county jail tonight," West declared. "You

and your friend, Dunn."

George Carr dropped on his knees beside old Mose. "Mose, old boy!" he murmured.

"Mose is a darned good dog!" declared West.

"A good old dog," George agreed gratefully.

Mose softly nuzzled the cheek of his friend.

TO A STUMP

By John Franklin.

Oh mighty oak of yesterday
That one time held your head so high
And stretched your arms so strong and wide,
Greatest of all the trees nearby.

In your branches the birds once built their nests
And all the day their music made,
And by your trunk the traveler
Has sat to rest in your quiet shade.

But where is your pride and greatness now,
And what has become of the bird and her nest,
And where is the one who by your trunk
Did sit one day in the shade to rest?

You are nothing but a stump to-day,
Yet the birds their nests are building still;
No matter how great we may be in the world,
There is always one our place to fill.

OLD BENN'S CHURCH

By Mary Barlow.

Sometimes it is called Eden, and sometimes Paradise. In mundane fashion it deserves the names, a fairy-like old historical church set down in a little bower of natural loveliness. In budding spring and glowing summer there is not a more charming spot between Petersburg and Norfolk.

It seems strange to me why old churches which are not used any more for regular services should be so much more fascinating; nevertheless it is true, at least for me. I am filled with a sense of mystery whenever I have the opportunity to go there.

It's idle to try to describe that little church if you can't see it: all brown-shingled, but touched here and there to gold; stained diamond-paned windows, representing different Saints and Apostles; clinging ivy meeting on the mossy peak, while the leaves whisper mysteries.

Even the tall iron spiked fence which surrounds the church and the city of the dead seems so different from all others. In spring the fragrance from the honeysuckle and Virginia creeper, which run riot over the iron spikes, is the first to greet you. The reluctant old lock on the gate creaks as it is opened.

It is a special favor to be allowed to enter that quiet old church. Once inside you forget everything else. As I stood gazing at the large marble slabs which cover the departed, at the

left of the chancel, and reading the quaint epitaphs, my mind wondered far beyond. I forgot the voices of my companions and heard only whispers of peace. The beams which meet at one point in the middle of the roof, the closed pews, and the dancing sun rays all bear a message for visitors. Those lines, written in Blanford Church, by an unknown author:

"Thou art crumbling to the dust
old pile,

Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And around thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.

Thy worshippers are scattered
now,

That knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems
rose

In the days of Ould Lang Syne,"
kept playing hide and seek in
my mind.

This is the resting place not only for the dead, but also for the living. As I came out the rays of the setting sun seemed to rest like a benediction on the beautiful old church. The birds were going to their homes, hidden among the branches of ivy. These lines from Gray's *Elegy* came to my mind as I passed on:

"The curfew tolls the knell of
parting day,

The lowing herd wind slowly
o'er the lea,

The plowman homeward plods his
weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness
and to me."

"WHY THE VIOLETS HAVE GOLDEN HEARTS"

By Sadie Usher.

The flowers in the garden were happy,
For the prince was coming that day,
To choose of them all the fairest one,
And what a wondrous display !

They waited so patiently for him,
And each blossom looked its best,
Attempting to add a touch here and there,
Each trying to outshine the rest.

A rustle among the leaves of the tree,
Much joy to the flowers did bring,
But instead of the prince the flowers saw
A bird with a broken wing.

"Please let me sip of your nectar sweet,
I am weary and cannot fly."
Not a drop of their nectar would any give
As the poor little bird passed by,

Till he came to the violets modest and small
Who gave all the nectar they had;
The heart of the flowers, the heart of a bird,
By kindness were both made glad.

The bird disappeared, and before them stood
The Prince who had come at last
To choose the flower most beautiful,
And the hopes of the others to blast.

He had seen this act of kindness small,
For he was very wise,
And bending low so they could hear
He told them of their new prize.

Now this is a story of kindness done,
A story that's very old,
And this is just the simple reason
Why voilets have hearts of gold.

JOSH ENTERS THE MOVIES

By William Grossmann.

Jash was a tall, lanky, country fellow, who lived in Deadwood, somewhere in Kansas. Deadwood was first settled by Jash's grandfather, who headed a small band of followers, composed of some twenty discontented inhabitants of North Carolina. Deadwood was one of the few vicinities which telephones, wireless, electricity and other modern conveniences had not yet invaded. Jash lived on the old Simms farm, in the house which his grandfather had built. Jash was no more noticed than any other member of the Deadwood exclusive society until one day he suddenly stepped into the limelight of that circle, for the news had spread that he, Jash Simms, had signed a contract with the All-Stars Motion Picture Company. If the truth had been known, however, he would have not been so famous, for he had simply taken a course in acting, which he had seen advertised in the "Daily Dope," which read like all such ads: "Mail today. Lose no time. Become famous overnight." And famous he was—in Deadwood. He had signed no contract, however; only the ad. to procure the course.

Jash was to leave for Hollywood in a few days, so a banquet was planned for him the night before he was to leave. The odds and ends of dress suits, which had been bought from mail-order houses, were hunted up and brushed carefully; gowns, some of the finest ever sold by Sears-Roe-

buck, were hauled from the attic, and many other preparations for the social event of the year were made. All the distinguished people for miles around were at this banquet. Mayor Dolittle, who had seen a distinguished gentleman once welcomed to a nearby city, as near as he was able, copied that program. The address of welcome was made by Jud Smith, local Fire Chief, after which the key to the town was presented to Jash by the Mayor. Jash arose, and thanked the mayor and other officials for their hospitality to a citizen of Deadwood, and said that he was sure that this vicinity would be repaid by being able to say that the famous actor, Joshua Simms, was born and raised in Deadwood. Here a great applause broke out, lucky for Jash, for he had no more to say, and didn't know how to say it.

The next morning the whole town, twenty-two in all, were down at the station to bid Jash farewell; but there was no Jash. The train pulled in, the crowd pushed near the platform to see Jash depart, but yet no Jash. Five minutes after the train had left, a wagon drove up quickly, and Jash hopped out. He was dressed in a light green suit, which was a complete misfit, a blue shirt, almost white from washing, a necktie with very much red in it, white shoes, one spat (the other was lost in the hurry) and on his head rested a high Stetson. In one

hand he carried an umbrella, in the other an alligator handbag. He rushed up to the ticket agent, shipping clerk, chief of police, city treasurer, and president of the first and only bank of Deadwood, all embodied in the person of Isaac Whiffleton.

"Gimme a ticket for Hollywood," demanded Jash.

"No use, Jash, the train's gone," replied Isaac.

Here Jash uttered a long and terrible oath which he had accomplished through his course in acting.

"There's a slow freight in three minutes if you want to catch that," said Isaac. Jash did, and when arrangements were made with the engineer, Jash departed amid cheering and began his conquest of Filmdom.

Arriving at Hollywood, Jash descended amid autos, street cars, busses, trucks, traffic cops, and a multitude of people.

"Say," inquired Jash of a newsboy, "where's the circus?"

"No circus," answered the boy. "You are on one of the busiest streets in Hollywood." Jash set his bag down and gazed around him; while he was thus engaged a porter came up and took up Jash's bag.

"Hi there! put that down," demanded Jash spying the man, "if you ain't got a nerve, swiping my grip right out in day light. You just come over here to this cop," said Jash, as he dragged the unwilling man over to the nearest policeman.

"Here, lock this thief up; he tried to swipe my bag," said Jash.

The cop was about to call the patrol when the porter explained the situation; here the cop burst out laughing and went back to directing traffic, leaving Jash very much bewildered.

Jash wandered around the city going this way and that, until he came to the corner of Grace and Thirty-first Streets, where a large building, a new studio, was being constructed. He stood gazing at this structure quite a while. Presently a boy noticed him and looked to see what he was gazing at. An old lady, noticing the two, stopped also and looked. Thus in a short time quite a large crowd had gathered, all looking to see what the other was looking at. Jash managed to get away, leaving the crowd still looking to see what was to be seen.

Jash found a reasonable apartment of three rooms, about three blocks from the studio, and prepared to settle down. He asked the landlady how he could let the company know he was in town. She showed him the phone and told him he could use it whenever he chose. Jash lifted the receiver and waited. Presently central asked, "Number please?"

"Any one just so I speak to Mr. Spondeulix," answered Jash.

"Cut the comedy and give me the number," snapped central, becoming impatient.

"Well, what numbers you got?" demanded Jash.

Central promptly cut him off and Jash gave up very much disgusted.

Next morning Jash set out for the studio without his breakfast,

having been advised by a fellow passenger on the train to appear at the studio early and get a good place in the line. Jash did not seem to be the only early bird, as he was twenty-fifth or maybe twenty-sixth in the line. When his turn at last came, he straight-ended his tie, glanced at his spats, twirled his cane, the last two bought especially for the occasion, and walked into the office of D. O. Spondeulix. He walked up to the president, patted him on the back, and shook his hand.

"Well, I'm here," asserted Jash.

"Yes, so I see, but what's your name?" asked Mr. Spondeulix.

"Don't you know me? I'm Joshua Simms, who took your course and whom you wrote to come out here to try out for your pictures."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Simms," said Mr. Spondeulix with a twinkle in his eye.

"When do you want me to start?" inquired Jash.

"Oh, I'll have to see my directors first, and then I will let you know; give me your address."

The days that followed seemed like months to Jash who wandered aimlessly about the city, until at last the day arrived. Jash was at the studio half an hour before he was due. He was told that he could go around the studio and see the different rooms, before he would have to dress. As he entered one room, he saw a girl bound hand and foot to a stake, while a hideous looking monster was dancing about her ready to strike her with a knife. Quick as a flash Jash was on the man. One

blow felled him, and Jash was cutting the girl's ropes.

"Hey, you poor simp, get away from there," cried an angry director coming out from a corner.

"What you mean by messing up this scene?" demanded a cameraman.

"I just did my duty in defending this poor girl, while you two weaklings stood by afraid to move," answered Josh.

"Just you run along, and get your bottle, Oscar, before nurse comes back for you," sneered the cameraman.

Just at this point Jash's director came in looking for him.

"Get on your duds, Bo; we're ready for you."

Jash departed for the dressing room and soon returned in full cow-boy costume, guns, chaps and all.

"Come over here and I will tell you what you are to do," announced the director, "you are doubling for the hero in this picture; this is the first scene: the heroine, Miss Perry Mickford, is alone on a ranch, when all at once she is attacked by a wild bull. Here you come in, wrestle the bull and throw him. *Don't be afraid; he won't hurt you;* and if you get tired just whisper Bosta in his ear and he will lie down and it will appear like you have thrown him. Put plenty of action in it. Ready. Go to your place."

Jash went to his place. In trotted the bull.

"Rush in," commanded the director. And in Jash did rush, so fast he could not stop himself. He went past the bull and ran smack

into the heroine who was trying her best to look frightened. Finally Jash turned and faced the bull.

"Shoot," cried the director to the cameraman.

Jash thinking this was meant for him, pulled a gun from his holster and bang! bang! bang! went the shots. The bull was so surprised that he beat a hasty retreat.

"Johnson, get that bull," shouted the director.

"Another scene ruined," commented the cameraman.

Finally, everything was ready again. This time Jash was gunless.

In trotted the bull. He paused for a moment, then made a rush for Jash, catching him full in the abdomen. When Josh arose he was caught right where his pants and vest meet, this time turning a complete somersault and landing squarely on the bull's back. Then followed a match, bull trying to throw his rider and Jash doing his level best to stick on. The

last Jash remembered was a queer sensation of flying through the air.

When he awoke he was surprised to find Mr. Spondeulix and the director sitting on the bed beside him.

"May I congratulate you?" said Mr. Spondeulix.

Jash sat up and rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? What was the man talking about?

"How did you do it?" asked the director.

"Do what?" asked Jash bewildered.

"Why put such action into that bull fight?"

"That was easy. I just plum forgot what you said to whisper to that bull to make him lie down."

"But was the picture a success," asked Jash after a moment's pause.

"No, not as a picture, but as a comedy it excels anything we have ever produced."

A LOST CEMETERY

By Mary Bradsher.

Lonely graves on a lonely hill
Forgotten in ages past,
Lie almost lost in brush and weeds
In the desolate country vast.
Surrounded by a fence decayed
By winter's storms and cold,
Collapsed with age and overgrown
With honeysuckle bold.
Marred and broken, the tombstones lie
Half covered with the loam;
And over the sunken mossy mounds
The many insects roam.

RAIN

By Eulice Franklin.

People are always talking about the disagreeableness of rain. Rain has brought me much joy. That may not be the right word to use in that case. Perhaps I should use the word contentment. What feeling can compare to that experience of hearing the rain patter on the roof when you are retiring? Some people may not like it, but I know there are many who do like it. As for me, I'd rather sleep on the floor, provided I had plenty of cover, with the rain falling on the roof than to sleep in the best bed made. I always enjoy sleeping in a room with a thin ceiling when it is raining. The attic is the best place for hearing the rain. The strange fact about it is that the harder it pours down the easier it is to get asleep. It would seem that this noise would keep one awake, yet it has the opposite effect.

Another thing I enjoy about rain is walking in it. I'm afraid I have very few followers in this, but I truly enjoy it. Take, for instance, the attendance at school. I venture to say that the attendance on rainy days is better than that on the brightest day. I like to go out in the rain provided, of course, that I have raincoat, rubbers and all the necessary equipment for keeping the body dry. I like to feel the cold rain sweeping into my face, and the air seems so pure and invigorating. It seems to hold a certain fascina-

tion for me, and it is especially true at night. I can't explain what I feel while walking along in the rain. It sounds ridiculous to me that I should enjoy it, yet I do. It may be the thought of working for a goal, which might be home, but I don't think so. I know I experience a feeling of strength when I walk along drinking in the damp, cold air.

Another thing I enjoy is driving in the rain. If there is any time when I like to drive a car better than any other, it is when the rain is pouring down. I don't know why I like it, but it seems to break the monotony of the hot, dry, dusty road. It is a novelty. It gives a feeling of doing something out of the ordinary, and it also has a certain amount of thrill and adventure to it. I like to feel the wheels slip the least little bit and to pull the car back, by manipulating the steering wheel. All this is true, of course, if I'm not near a steep embankment where the danger is too great for fun. When I take a long trip and the passengers are looking at the sky anxiously for signs of rains, I always hope it will pour down. It gives one a feeling of accomplishing something a little harder. Oh, I don't know what it is, but I know it is there.

Come now, don't you feel that you should miss something besides bread and meat if it should rain no more?

FATALITY

By Powell Lum.

In a half lighted room
Framed with old mottoes
Strung across a whitewashed wall
And straight back vacant benches,
Six men in faded blue uniforms
Sat huddled around a red hot stove
As they practiced six old hymns and six new;
Over and over half the night they played those tunes—
And during that time ten men were murdered.

THE BURNING OF RUSHING RIVER

By Edith Richardson.

"Stuck," announced Bill Jones as the light truck, firing on three cylinders; came to a final halt.

"And not even a jack," answered his brother James. "If we only had a jack we could get out easy enough."

"Nothing doing," grumbled James a few minutes later. "We'll have to get a pole and lift it out or get a jack from a passing car."

"But it will be just our luck for a car not to come along," replied Bill.

"Wait!" exclaimed James. "I think I hear one coming."

Together the brothers listened to the hum of the motor which became louder as the car approached.

"I'll run back to the bridge," suggested Bill, "so I can flag them if they happen to go the other way."

He had hardly reached the bridge when the speeding auto came upon him and slowed down as he stepped from the road side. Before he could call, two bullets were fired above his head.

In a few minutes James having heard the shots, came running up.

"Hurt?" he grasped.

"All O. K., but I'll tell you those shots came pretty close."

"Who was it? Did they think you were a highwayman?" asked James.

"They didn't stop to find out before they started shooting. The way they ran they must have been bootleggers and thought I was an officer to arrest them."

"We can look in the car and see if there's any evidence there," responded James.

"A box!" exclaimed James.

"Just a couple of ordinary bootleggers."

"It has some letering on it," James added, turning the box around.

"Great scott! It says, 'Dynamite.'"

"This is more serious," put in Bill at last. "You know there have been rumors of violence up in the Van Dike Coal mines ever since the strike last week, and this looks like some clue."

"Say," muttered James uneasily, "we don't want to get mixed up in that business. It's a tough bunch they have up there."

"But something has got to be done," said Bill looking in the tool box for a jack.

"Well, then, bring the box of dynamite along, if you're set on it; but we'll not report it to the sheriffs and have our names published," protested James.

They jacked up the back wheel and started up the engine. Out she came, still hitting on three cylinders. In about half an hour they arrived at their plantation on the edge of Rushing river.

"Well. I'm glad we got here," sighed James. "Now we'll have to find a good place to hide this stuff. If the negroes knew it was on the place, they wouldn't stay here the rest of the night."

"We'll hide it in the tool house," suggested Bill. "The door has a good lock."

The Jones farm with its two hundred and fifty acres of level black soil was the largest in the vicinity. The boys' father had owned the land for years, but it was a swampy tract of land, below the level of Rushing river

which flowed along one side. When Mr. Jones started draining the land, the neighbors laughed at him, but his bankers followed his plan and advanced him the money.

When the work was about half done Mr. Jones was accidentally killed while helping with the work, and the whole responsibility fell on the boys who were just finishing high school. On account of their youth and inexperience, the bankers refused to advance them any more money, but the fifteen thousand dollars of their father's life insurance enabled them to keep on with the work.

Busy as they were in directing the laborers and keeping on with the cultivation of the crop, the boys had no time until evening to think of the situation. Bill had just finished his supper and stepped out doors when he heard a crash like thunder.

"Did you hear that noise?" he called to James.

"I reckon I did," answered James running out to join him. "It shook the house."

"I wonder what it could have been?" asked Bill.

"I'll bet some cars with dynamite got through and have blown up the Van Dike Coal Mines," answered James.

As they talked, the sky began to lighten up towards the Van Dike Coal Mines.

Bill caught his brother's arm.

"Look," he cried. "Fire!"

The telephone rang.

"Oil storage tanks at Van Dike Coal Mines blown up," cried an excited voice. "Floods of burning oil sweeping down Rushing river towards Blan City."

"Blan City!" cried Bill. "The wharves, the warehouses! With this wind pushing it, the whole city will be destroyed."

"That's so," put in James. "Nothing in the world can save it."

"I wish we could do something," said Bill. "This will mean millions of dollars damage and thousand of people homeless."

Both were silent for a time.

Then Bill said solemnly, "There is only one thing we can do, and we've got to do it."

"What is that?" asked James.

"Cut the dike and let the river flood the farm," replied Bill.

"Bill, we can't do that. It would ruin everything."

"Yes, it will ruin everything, but it's the only way to save Blan City."

"Let somebody else do it," said James.

"But James, our place is the only one above Blan City that is low enough to take it. I hate to ruin the land, but isn't it better to give up our farm than to have thousands of women and children lose their homes?"

"You're right," answered James. "We're young and it won't hurt us to start again with nothing."

"Get the men out and save the mules, wagons and what else you can throw in, and take it to Smith's," said Bill. "I'll take that case of dynamite and blow up a gap in the bank."

"I forgot all about the dynamite," replied James.

Both started away on their errand. At a place where the bank was lowest, Bill dug a hole and

placed the dynamite in it. Looking up to see if his brother had passed with the mules and wagons before lighting the fuse, he saw the burning oil on the river coming upon him. But he could neither see nor hear the truck, and he dared not light the fuse for fear his brother might be caught in the rush of fiery waters. If James would only come! Even now it was almost too late. Just then he saw James coming towards him. He motioned him back. Then without losing any more time, he lit the fuse. Before he had gotten very far the explosion took place, and the fiery waters rushed through the gap into the fields. They watched the buildings burn as the fiery waters washed against them.

"We've done it, but it hurts me to see the farm going to destruction," said James.

"Blan City's saved, so it's all right," returned Bill.

"It's ten o'clock. We'll have to go somewhere for the night," said James.

They found a ready welcome at the home of a neighbor.

Early the next morning they returned to the farm to see what daylight would show of the wreck of fire and water. Everything was destroyed, not a building left standing.

"It makes me sick to see everything ruined," confessed James.

"I hate worst of all telling the bank that there's no chance of our paying back the money father borrowed," answered Bill.

"There's only one thing we can do," declared James on the way to the city, "turn everything over

to them and let them get what they can."

When they entered the bank, the cashier met them, and called them into the private room.

"I guess you've heard," Bill began, "that the farm's gone, drowned and burned. We can't pay the loan we owe."

"There is only one way we can do; turn over the mules and wagons and give you a deed to the farm," put in James.

"But it's not all I can do," declared the cashier. "The management of this bank and other business men of Blan City know why your farm is flooded and they are not ungrateful to you. And we are not quite so low down as to let you bear the loss that was incurred wholly for our benefit. We have talked the matter over, and already we have on hand a fund that I think will cover your damage, including the value of the growing crop."

NIGHT THOUGHTS

By Elizabeth Falconer.

WONDERS.

I'm alone in the calm of night
Beneath stars that are shining bright,
And I feel the caressing breeze
As it blows from the tossing seas.
I am happy and, looking o'erhead,
See a shooting star flash red
Among the dots of gold;
And songs never to be told
Fill my heart, and awlirl
Set all my soul—Your world,
O God—how wonderful.

NIGHT.

Calm night
With stars o'erhead,
A cooling breeze,
No sounds but the whispers of trees;
Black shadows amidst white houses.
No bright and glaring things,
But all quiet and cool.

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF GOLF

By Francis Toms.

Golf, in my mind, is one of the most interesting forms of exercise, and one of the best means of healthy recreation of the present day. It is a game that can be played by almost anyone, and a game in which skill, and not strength, plays a large part. To the beginner, it means just one bum shot after another, but to the average golfer it affords plenty of thrills. The game is perplexing at times, however, and requires a lot of patience.

To the novice, golf and its many puzzling terms are very hard to understand. It seems simple enough to get out on the links, which is by no means a form of sausage, and hit the little white ball around until it lands in the hole, but it is not as simple as it looks. If you want a surprise, try the thing yourself.

There is a science to every shot, and often is the case when one slip costs a game. No sir—golf is not an easy game to play. It is said that it takes six years to learn how to play, and then six more to forget what you learned in order to play the game right.

The first game of golf I witnessed puzzled me to a great extent. I was told that the course consisted of nine holes. The object was to get the ball in these holes in the least number of shots, the one having the lowest score being the winner.

I saw some men who looked as if they were going to attempt to

play, so I decided that I would follow them around and learn something about the game. I heard one of the men, however, say something about a drive, and being embarrassed financially, I prepared to leave. He failed to take up a collection, though, so I again changed my mind. To start things going, a man walked to the tee, and made a little mud pie which he called by the same name. I thought this to be some kind of drink, but later found my mistake. To continue, he placed a white rubber ball on top of his mud pie. He then went over to a boy who had a large bag of curious shaped walking sticks, and selected one with a big knot on the end. Having approached the ball, he shifted his feet around, wiggled himself about a dozen or more times, and did a few more things which I learned to be the address of the ball. As a matter of curiosity I later looked at his ball but could not find to whom he had sent it. After going through some more motions, during which I had a delightful snooze, he swung desperately at the ball, and missed it. I laughed out aloud at this, whereupon he told me to dry up. After seeing a sour look from him, I did as I was bidden. The second trial was successful, and the ball went about fifty feet. The other men fared little better, and one drove his ball into some grass called the rough. Being in no mood for

fighting, I stayed away from him, but no fight occurred. After each man had hit and missed the ball about two dozen times, they finally got to a sandy spot with a red flag in the center. They called this the green, but it looked white to me. When the balls finally landed in the hole, the men counted their score, and went to another tee. The same thing was repeated again and again until they had played the nine holes. And thus ended the game. On the last hole one man got in a trap, but it didn't hurt him. I got hit

on my hat once with a disastrous result to the latter. I demanded a reimbursement from the one who had hit me with the ball. He replied that he had called out fore, however, and refused to pay. Imagine him taking me for a cheap skate when I paid no less than five bucks for it.

I learned a lot about golf that day, and took up the game the following week. On the first day I broke the course record for high score, and, disgusted, I began to realize that good golfers are born, not made.

IN OLD CAMP LEE

By Rosa Townes.

To ride about Camp Lee today seems sad—
To watch and wonder where the soldiers are
Who once had marched ready, both man and lad,
To go and sacrifice their all to war.
In old Camp Lee.

I stand on the road beside a spacious field
Now ever filled with murmuring rustling corn
Where the soldier marched and his weapons learned to wield
Still waves the corn refreshed by dew each morn
In old Camp Lee.

And now the terrible war is o'er, comes peace.
No more the rumbling, clashing guns I hear,
For silence reigns where echoes never cease—
The echoes of a living past now dear,
In old Camp Lee.

THE BLACK RIDER

By Roger Ellington.

The sun was setting and shadows were lengthening. A girl sat on the steps of the ranch-house watching the moon as it flooded the prairie with a white light.

Suddenly a shadow swept over a hill, and as if by magic, a horseman was silhouetted against the background.

The girl caught her breath in amazement. The Black Rider! The man who had always eluded capture, and who received the blame for every misdeed committed in that section of the country. Suddenly he swept off his hat and the white of his forehead showed just above the black mask which he always wore.

She was tempted to call out, and as she hesitated the crack of a rifle rang out near the bunk house. A flash and the Black Rider was gone. The ranch hand had missed!

A footstep sounded on the porch behind the girl.

"Who is doing the shooting, Mary?"

"One of the hands, father. He shot at—at the Black Rider. He was standing on the hill yonder."

"The Black Rider! On this ranch? What did he want?"

"How do I know?" she answered.

"The Black Rider means no good to anyone," growled the ranch owner. "He ought to be shot."

"Now, father," said the girl, "you know he has never molested us in the least. You're upset about that note that you owe Frank Walford. Come, let's go into the house."

With only a slight protest the man allowed the girl to lead him across the porch. John Brent had owed Frank Walford a note for six months. It would be due in a few days now, and he did not have the money to pay it.

"We could sell the cattle," said the old man, "but what would we do then? Without cattle the ranch would be useless to us."

"Never mind," said Mary, "don't think about it any more; just go to bed and get a good sleep."

The next morning, after breakfast, John Brent saddled his horse and rode into town. Walford was the owner of the only bank in Bartlett. Brent rode up to the bank and dismounted. After tying the horse, he entered the bank and went into the private room where Walford was seated looking over some papers. Tom Dawson, the cashier of the bank, was a good-looking young fellow, and he liked Mr. Brent as much as he disliked Walford.

When the old man came out of the private office Tom noted that his face was white. He came over to greet Brent.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Trouble enough, Tom," said

the old man, "Walford won't renew that note, and I don't know how to get the money. If it keeps up he'll have the whole valley for his own. He's got a concession on the dam, and he'll keep us ranchers from using any of the water."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brent, that I can't help you, but you know I'm an employee of Walford's."

"Yes, I understand, son," said the old man, and he went out and mounted his horse.

That night, as Mary Brent was riding by the grove of cottonwoods near the river, a masked man stepped out from the shadows and spoke to her. She recognized him as the Black Rider, and was tempted to run. But, before she could turn her horse, the man spoke in a disguised voice, at the same time thrusting a package forward. "Miss Brent, give this package to your father. He'll know what to do with it." Then before she could move he was gone into the night.

She spurred her horse and soon reached home. When she reached the living-room, her father was dozing in a chair. At her entrance he started up and she gave him the package.

"What's this, Mary?" he asked.

"Oh, daddy, the Masked Rider gave it to me."

With hasty fingers the rancher opened the package. Inside were

many stacks of bills and a note. "He says he'll buy part of the cattle, and this extra money is for grazing them on our land," said the ranchman. "Well, that sure pulls me out of a hole."

Two nights afterward as Mary was riding by the dam, a deafening explosion shook the earth. The big dam crumbled up, and the water flowed on. Just then a masked man stepped out before her.

"Well," he said, "I reckoned that would bring them."

Yells were heard, and soon Walford and his crew came into view. The Black Rider stepped up and covered them with two guns.

"The game is up, Walford, I've got enough evidence to send you to the pen."

"Who are you?" shouted Walford.

The Black Rider turned back his coat and displayed a deputy's star. With one motion he tore the mask from his face. When Walford glimpsed his face, he started back. "Tom Dawson, my cashier!" he exclaimed. "You, the Black Rider!"

"Yes," said Dawson. "I was appointed by the governor to get you, and you'll have to go with me."

A few minutes later the moon shed its beams on the procession as it filed slowly down the canyon.

NIGHT

By Sadie Usher.

Oh the sorrow and gloom of a firelit room,
With its lulling shade-flecked glow;
And the rapping of rain on the window pane,
And the wind and the falling snow.

'Tis a night when the loneliness scatters round
One's thoughts to things long past,
But better to me is a night in June,
When the moonbeams around us are cast.

Oh the wondrous spell of a summer night,
With the light, a pale blue moon;
And the voice of the breeze as it whispers to trees,
Alas, day comes too soon.

TINKERING

By Thomas Harding

It is my belief that I can get as much joy out of tinkering as I can derive from eating when I am hungry, or sleeping when I am sleepy. On the other hand, the results of some of my experiments in this occupation have given me more pain and disappointment than the sum totals of all the shattered day-dreams I have ever had.

Tinkering is highly engrossing and amusing. What could give more real satisfaction than the result of breaking a perfectly good thistle tube and welding it back together so that it would serve its original purpose as well as it did before the unhappy accident?

Even if it was slightly deformed, wouldn't you derive a real pride from the ownership of a tube which was so salvaged from the ruin of an ill-fated venture in the land of Chemistry?

In my short span of existence on this terrestrial ball I have possessed about fifty fountain pens and about twenty automatic pencils. Today I could show you only about seven pens in good condition and only two pencils. Those that haven't been lost or broken have suffered the fate of the body of someone who died from a strange malady. With forceps and pen-knife they have been dissected when they failed

to function properly. Sometimes I have succeeded in putting them back together without having six or seven parts left over. Some survived the operation, but others died under the knife. At one time I had a pen made from the parts of no less than eight different makes of pens and about a quarter of an ounce of sealing wax. I gave that pen to a cousin, and he lost it. I wish I had it now, for it would make an Exhibit A in any side show in the world. It was a genuine freak.

I cannot remember a moment of more consternation and delight in my life than that which came at the moment when I was about halfway through taking apart my first old alarm clock. The whir-r-r which arose when the main-spring came loose from its moorings sounded to me like that of a thousand quail starting simultaneously. To my woe (and afterwards pain) it chanced to have been a perfectly good Big Ben. I regretted that.

There was a time when I was given a new flashlight. Before I had had it six hours my natural curiosity had goaded me to take it apart, ostensibly for the purpose of "seeing what made it run so funny." In less than five minutes the bulb was broken. I put it back together, and in some way that I do not understand even at this time the cells were short-circuited and burnt out, and the case was as hot as fire. I let flashlights alone for a good long

period after that.

Even now I get a good deal of pleasure in taking to pieces old dry cells, locks, and electrical apparatus.

There is one form of tinkering which I have never enjoyed. This is the pleasant occupation of making a stalled car run. Ah! distinctly I remember, it wasn't in the bleak December, though. I was in Nelson County, in the Old Dominion State, proceeding bumpily along over the red clay road in the old Dodge of the vintage of 1917, which I used to own. Rounding one of the numerous curves in that section, I was confronted with the view of a swollen mountain stream which I had to ford. I started across and stalled as close to the center as possible. The water was six inches over the running board, but it was necessary for me to get out and start it. I tinkered and tinkered. I cleared the distributor and spark plugs, adjusted the carburetor, tinkered with the vacuum tank, and tried the switch. Still it wouldn't start! I was disgusted, to say the least. I got back in the car and sat there for a period, and then stepped on the starter. The thing started, I left Piney River, and hope never to see it again.

I have reached the conclusion from my years of tinkering that it is all right to tinker if you know what you are tinkering with, and proceed with care.

RAIN FAIRIES

By Mildred Southall.

I hear the tinkling of the rain
As it falls upon the roof;
Each drop is a tiny bell
From a fairy land aloof.

Every drop is a fairy arrayed
In garments of azure blue,
A bell in each hand ringing
A song that is ever new.

The rain fairies are hastening
From a land that is fair and bright,
Bringing you their new songs
For you to sing tonight.

A MODERN MUSKETEER

By Richard Jackson.

"Have you notice any change in Bobbie lately, father?" asked Mother Darnley after supper one evening as she and Pa Darnley were sitting before the fire.

"Why, no, not particularly," answered Pa, looking up from his paper.

"He's been acting rather queerly around here recently. This afternoon, when he came from school, I asked him to bring in some coal. Instead of grumbling about it as usual, he bounded up immediately, and bowing low he said very carefully: 'It renders me very happy to be of service to you, madam!'

"And then later, not knowing that he was watched, I saw him standing before a mirror. He had a yardstick stuck through an old belt with a large brass buckle, and had on your hat with a plume from one of my old bonnets pinned to the crown.

"As I watched, he assumed a very haughty air and twisting an imaginary moustache, he turned and took a few steps from the mirror. Suddenly, he whirled about, at the same time snatching the yardstick from his belt and in an apparent rage he slashed the air with it. Then, with a tremendous lunge, he cried, 'Sacre!

I'll teach you to make fun of the King's Musketeer!"

"At supper he raised his cup of coffee and said gravely, 'To Her Majesty, the Queen!'"

"I don't understand—Good heavens! What's that?" cried mother, almost starting from her chair, as a cry and a crash of glass came from the hall. When Pa and Mother arrived on the scene, they saw a doleful sight. Bobbie, holding a yardstick loosely in one hand, stared blankly at his parents, the haughty manner of that afternoon completely gone. Ralph, Bobbie's friend, also holding a yardstick, was woefully dabbing at his forehead with a bloody handkerchief. Between them lay the remains of a beautiful lamp shade.

At the first volley of exclamations, questions and reproofs, Ralph slipped quietly out of the door. "Well, you see," said Bobbie, "Ralph and I were having a duel with these sticks, and somehow, one of us touched that shade and it fell down and smashed on his bean—and that's all."

After giving him a severe scolding, Mother Darnley added, "You'll have to pay for it, too!"

"Am Gee, Ma! Now I never will get a fencing outfit!" said Bobbie, as he stamped up the stairs to his room. A low chuckle came from Pa as he went back to the fire. "What did he say he'd never get?" he asked.

"Oh, some old fencing set or some such silly foolishness!" snapped Mother as she looked longingly at the shattered shade.

The next evening Bobbie came to the supper table with a black

eye and a lump on his forehead.

"What have you done now? Smashed another shade, I suppose!" charged Mother none too pleasantly.

"No, madam," replied Bobbie, quite a Musketeer again.

"How did it happen?" asked Pa.

"Well, you see, it was this way: When I was coming home I saw a fellow teasin' Sissy Edwards. He soaked Sissy 'side the bean and Sissy began to bawl. So I jumped on that bird—he was lots bigger than Sissy was—and socked him in the nose. Somehow I got hit in the eye—I made 'im run, though. Then he threw a rock and hit me on the forehead when I wasn't looking. He didn't fight fair! He's no Musket—"

"But I thought you and Edwards were not so friendly!" Pa cut in.

"We're not."

"Well, why did you fight for him then?"

"I couldn't stand seeing that big guy bully Sissy like that, and besides, no Musketeer would let a strong, armed fellow beat up a weak, unarmed one!"

After Bobbie had gone to bed, Pa said with a chuckle, "I don't believe this Musketeer business is so bad after all."

"But the shade and his eye!" expostulated Mother.

"But boys will be boys, my dear. Besides, what is a shade and a black eye compared to something that will not let a boy allow even an enemy to be treated unfairly?"

Bobbie awoke one morning a few days later to find two hand-

some fencing foils with the masks and other equipment to go with them. With a cry of joy, Bobbie rushed downstairs to find his father and mother. He then lost no time in carrying the glad tidings to Ralph who, when he heard the good news, let out a

whoop, and threw his cap high up in the air, and started back with Bobbie at full speed.

Surely, the Musketeers of old were never more proud of their hardest won trophies than these two boys were of their outfits.

TO A FIREFLY

By John Barrett.

Noiseless, flitting firefly,
Over the earth you roam;
Up and down you go. Are you
Looking for a home?

Home, a home for you? Why
No! your home is where
God provides. First here and there,
Here and everywhere.

Hills and vales you travel, also
Brooks and larger streams,
Silently watching the world while
Lost are we in dreams.

Flying like little sparks from
Out a chimney flue—
Lanterns you light at twilight
Burn the long night through.

Never moaning, never
Groaning of the toils of the day,
Trusting always in Heaven and
God—you go your way.

THE HIGH SCHOOL IN THE OPINION OF PETERSBURG CITIZENS

By Harriet Pope.

Since I am a student of the Petersburg High School, it may seem peculiar that I am endeavoring to give the criticism of outsiders. Of course, I do not know their exact opinions on the subject, but I shall give them as they appear to me.

In the first place, the older people and former students of the High School are positive that the school has deteriorated to the last degree. They say that we are taught everything except the fundamentals. Why, the very idea of having a "pep" meeting was never dreamed of in their day. "That is not education," they say. "Anybody could learn to yell something without going to school." They don't seem to understand that that is only a minor detail of our school life. We don't spend all of our time that way. It is only that we have a schedule which admits of variation. These meetings do help in education. They make you remember that you are a member of the school. They inspire you to put the best into it and not to soil its honor.

The privileges we enjoy are absolutely unbearable to the older generation. They looked upon their teachers as bugbears, who would not deign to speak to their pupils. It is appalling to them that we should converse with the teachers and take them into our

confidence. Why shouldn't we? Aren't teachers human beings? They trust us more today, and everything is put on a more equal basis.

There is certainly no foundation for the idea that our lessons are not taught so well. A person who has specialized in a certain subject must necessarily make a better teacher than one who has a smattering of everything. Our schedules are arranged, too, so that we must have more classes of the important subjects than those of minor importance. We are given a broader education today, and we are not restricted to reading, writing and arithmetic.

Each student may now consider the subject that he particularly prefers. If he is athletic, there is a field for that work, and there lies one of the main points of the criticism by the older people. Why should we be taught gymnastics and have a football team? Well, you know the old saying, "A sound mind dwells in a sound body." That is sufficient reason. It is simply beneath my dignity to argue such a question. Of course, I don't mean that the present generation possesses any more intelligence than the former, but we have a more "all around" education.

One reason why the older people have such a poor opinion of

the school is that they always hear the funny side. We always tell the funny things that happen in school, but never relate the more serious side. Therefore, our parents think we do nothing but play all the time. I think they would change their minds if they could see us at test time. Everybody goes to each class half-expecting a test. If a test is given, one would think by the expressions of astonishment and wonder that such a thing as a test never entered anybody's head. Yet,

the older people think we do not study and work as hard as they did. We may not, but it is due to the progress in education.

It is strange that each former generation cannot understand the progress of the next one. If there were no progress, civilization would be at a "standstill." It is nothing new that they should criticise the younger generation. It has been done since the beginning of time. As the world turns toward democracy and freedom, so must the school.

THUNDER

By William Hawkins.

Here comes the thunder loud and drear !
Off in the distance we can hear
The mumbling, rumbling, threatening sound,
That sends us where we should have found
Some shelter from the stormy wrath.

And now a deafening crash is heard,
Which leaves us with not a single word.
For ripping, rolling, ruthless its flight,
And made more fearful by flashes of light,
Now leaving destruction in its path.

But now the storm is gone at last,
The thunder's rumbling is now far past,
And just an occasional grumble or too,
Is all old Thor has to say to you
To bring back memories of his wrath.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

HONOR AS APPLIED TO THE
LIBRARY.

At a recent meeting of the Student Council, Mr. Wolff suggested that, beginning with next term, we try not having a teacher in the library. He said it would be a small beginning, but he believed in small beginnings, and it would probably lead to other privileges. The librarian, of course, would have to be there to take charge of the books, but the pupils would be in charge of themselves.

This is a mighty good chance to show Mr. Wolff that he can put confidence in us, and it is

strictly up to the student body whether the plan is going to work or not. The idea is rather a new one, and to carry out new ideas takes rather more care and thought than old ones. Of course, this plan can never go through without the right sort of spirit and backing from the school. We believe the students have that sort of spirit and will only need the chance to show it. We don't make disturbances when we go into the public library because we don't want to disturb other people. Isn't that a better reason for keeping quiet in the school library than because we are afraid of getting demerits?

As we said before, it is up to us. If we abuse the privilege, it

will be taken away; if we use it property, it will lead to others.

Let's show Mr. Wolff and the faculty that we are neither babies, who need to be guarded, nor criminals, who need to be watched.

V. R. G.

SOME GOOD RESULTS.

Are the pupils of the Petersburg High School working? Are they taking advantage of their opportunities and accomplishing something? Of course, everywhere one will find a class of people that say, "We did not have the opportunities that the present boy and girl have. We had to study and make the best of it." Maybe they didn't have the opportunities that we have, but now there are new problems which the students have to face. In spite of all these things, the pupils are really working.

A sure sign of their work is the increase in the number of goldens. The first month there were only sixty-eight, while the second month there were ninety-seven, an increase of twenty-nine. This shows that the pupils are continuously realizing their opportunities.

Not only have the good results been noticed in their work, but also in their conduct. Have you noticed the results of the new demerit system? This has certainly proved successful already. The discipline of the school has entirely changed since the new system has been adopted.

On the whole our Petersburg High School is improving every

day in every way. So come on let's keep up the good work!

M. E. R.

TRASH CANS.

What is the purpose of the trash cans scattered around here and there in the rooms of the High School and in the yards? If you don't know, I'm sure that any member of the 4-A Civics Class will explain it to you. There seem to be quite a few who do not understand the purpose of the trash cans from the amount of trash on the grounds.

In Assembly the other day Mr. Wolff actually said he would be ashamed for a visitor to see our school after recess because of the trash. This is absolutely a disgrace to the whole school. It takes only a little more thought and time to put the paper in the receptacles for trash. Of course, some of us do make use of them, but those who do not far outnumber those who do.

I'll admit that we could make use of a few more trash cans. Since we haven't them let's try and see if we can't improve with what we have. Maybe we might get some more if anybody took the trouble to use those we have.

We've been hearing a lot about school spirit this year. Also, we've heard that a good bit has been shown at the football games. We hope this will continue on through the basketball season. Why don't we show a little towards the Civics Club?

Come on, fellow-students! Let's have a clean school.

H. P.

LITTLE MISSILES

Mary F. C.: Mr. Miller, do you believe people come back to earth as animals after they have died?

Mr. Miller: No; but if they do, I'm coming back as a dog and bite Eddie Guest.

Andrew Shapiro: I'm coming back as a fishing worm and see what happened to Jonah.

Mr. Miller: Miss Partridge, you say the sailor was drowned in the ocean. Why didn't somebody save him?

Miss Partridge: Because the ocean was too deep, I reckon.

Mr. Miller: So you see *will* can express both willingness and determination.

Lester Bowman: Which does the "I will" in the marriage ceremony mean?

Mr. Miller: Sometimes it means willingness and sometimes determination.

Heard in 4-A Latin:

Mr. Stuart: Miss Smith, that verb is not right.

S. B. S.: But, Mr. Stuart, you gave me the pluperfect.

Mr. Stuart: Yes, I know I gave it to you, but you didn't give it to me.

WHEN BERRY MOORE WAS AT THE BOARD.

Mr. Stuart: What is that letter you have up there in the first word?

B. M.: A.

Mr. Stuart: It looks like O.

B. M.: O, well, I make 'em all alike.

HOPE.

(A Triolet)

By Mary Brown Allgood.

The cocoanut grove serene,
(Ancestor of Palmolive Soap),
On Florida's coast is seen.

"Cocoanut Grove Serene"
Forms a theme for realtors keen,
But the schoolgirl places her hope
On the cocoanut grove serene,
Ancestor of Palmolive Soap!

Sadie Usher: Miss Guerrant, I am writing an article on good roads. Who should I say is benefited besides the motorist?

Miss Guerrant: You might mention the police and the undertakers, I think.

AN ELEVATED AMERICAN.

By Annis Milby.

I'm an elevated young American,
Ambition-plus, that's me;
I'm rising fast, you must admit,
My flivver just climbed a tree.

Miss Cook: Miss Lucas, what was the Holy See?

Kitty Lucas: The Mediterranean, I reckon.

Gwendolyn B.: Did you know Miss Cooper gave Batsie Carter a demerit for cheating?

Sue: How did she do it?

Gwendolyn: She had a flower in her buttonhole during biology test.

Martha: Did you see that beau-

tiful sunrise this morning?

Barbara: Sunrise! Why I'm always in before then.

He: Isn't this a stupid party?

Anne: Yes.

He: Can't I take you home?

Anne: Sorry, I live here.

A FORD.

By Elizabeth Willis.

A Ford is like a tin-pan peddler,
Who is heard for miles aroun';
Always a noise to advertise,
That he is coming to town.

Lester: I had a date with one
of those mind-reading mammas
last night.

Mr. Holmes: What a nice vacation she must have had.

Mr. Stuart: I believe you missed my class yesterday, Mr. Moore.

Berry: No, not very much.

Jake to a farmer the other afternoon: Good evening, how's the hunting around here.

Farmer: Lots better than the finding.

Francis Toms (by the way, we heard he's gone crazy on the subject of radio) was out driving in the country with his father the other day when he saw a spider spinning a web.

Francis: O look at that bug putting up an aerial.

This comes to us from Farmville:

"Your school isn't a college; it's a match factory," said a young

man from Hampden-Sidney to Runt.

Runt: "You are right; we furnish the heads and get the sticks from Hampden-Sidney."

Bill F.: What would Mr. Miller do if he lost his job?

Bill I.: He would congratulate the school on turning out such fine men.

Buddie Knight ends his short stories: (George Morgan Knight, Jr. All rights reserved).

The football team was losing when Polly came in sight singing the "Rosary."

IN SHORTHAND CLASS

By Virginia Griffin.

In shorthand class I sit up straight,

And wonder what will be my fate;
Then when the teacher calls on me
And I can't answer, well, you see,
Then after school till four I wait.

Then deep down in my heart is hate,

That I should be kept in so late;
I wish I did not have to be
In shorthand class.

When on my lessons I concentrate
How glad I am them to relate,
And when the teacher calls on me
My heart is filled with greatest
glee,

And I answer at a rapid rate,
In shorthand class.

Jimmie Dalton: I don't see why that would affect the football team any.

William (her brother): Aw,
Jimmie, Woo Bock saw Polly's
face and ran.

Miss Garter: Make a sentence
with conjunction.

Franklin Selts: We came to
the railroad conjunction.

Miss Guerrant: Miss Bradsher,
will you please stop talking?

Mary: I wasn't talking, I only
asked Miss Hennessey to get my
constitution out of her desk.

Mr. Miller: Now, what is the
first sentence of the Lord's
Prayer?

Harriet Pope: The Lord is my
shepherd, I shall not want.

THE BLUFF THAT FAILED.

Mr. Powers: You say you've
read "Pilgrim's Progress;" now,
tell the class about it.

Kitteline: It was about the
pilgrims coming to America and
the troubles they had.

A POEM.

By Betsy Budd.

Listen, my children, and you shall
hear,

What'll be the result of my test,
I fear;

Last night all night I lay awake
And now this morning I shiver
and shake,

For my teacher will put on my
paper I know

Tomorrow a great big round zero.

E. Reade: What are merchant
marines for?

V. Young: To carry merchants,
of course.

WHY STUDY?

By Barbara Willcox.

I hate to study Latin,
Spanish drive me mad;
I didn't study civics,
And flunked them all right bad.

Mother raised the dickens,
Said I hadn't half a chance
To pass, but how can I
Miss going to that dance?

Poor Mr. Holmes is getting grey
before his time. This is one of
the reasons:

Mr. Holmes, on III-B chemistry
test:

What is hard water?

Frances Dodd: Ice, of course.

Mr. Holmes in IV H Physics:
Write me a paper telling how the
heating system of this school
works.

It was a cold day. Do you
wonder that everybody handed in
a blank paper?

Berry Moore: I bet my girl a
nickel the other night that I could
kiss her without touching her.

Lucy Pilcher: Did you win?

Berry Moore: No, I tried and
tried, but I lost every time.

Mr. Holmes when giving a
physics test:

Of course, I don't expect you to
do it, but a really intelligent class
could finish this test in fifteen
minutes.

FAMILIAR LANDMARKS.

Flora (the cleaning girl) lean-
ing on her broom.

Anne Cameron at the water

fountain just outside Mr. Powers's door.

Mr. Miller: Miss Hamilton, what is the difference between lay and lie?

S. H.: Well, you say lies when you are talking about people.

Miss Lewis to Louise Pilcher, who was talking to Virginia Gilliam: Miss Pilcher, you'd better go to a desk by yourself. When you are by yourself you are in good company.

Virginia Gilliam: Ouch!

Miss Guerrant: I saw a flock of wild geese this morning. Do you know how they fly?

William Hawkins: Up in the air, don't they?

Miss Guerrant: What more than anything else caused the defeat of the Confederacy?

Francis Toms: The Northern Army.

Miss Guerrant: What did Pike discover? That's easy because it's named after him.

Barbara Willcox: O, I know, the turnpike.

John D.: I could just die dancing with you.

Flora: On with the dance.

Bill F.: I hate a dumb girl.

Aha: Here's a woman hater.

Bill H. to Barbara: What do you think of our basketball team?

Barbara: I don't know, I

haven't had dates with but two of them yet.

College and knowledge rhyme, but they don't go together.

Mr. Powers: Now, whose song was that one about, "It's always fair weather when good fellows get together"?

John Ayers: A bird's song.

Mr. Powers: What kind of bird did you ever hear of that drank from a stein?

John Ayers: Jailbirds.

I WONDER WHY.

Harriet eats so much.

Thomas Harding takes physics.

Mr. Wolff does not get a Ford.

Selma has red hair.

So many people get sick slips during test week.

I have to write this junk.

Bill Young: The doctor told me I'd be feeble-minded if I didn't stop smoking.

Bill Irving: Well, why didn't you stop?

I don't like my professor at all,

In fact, I think he's punk;

He sharpened his pencil with my knife,

To mark me down a flunk.

Harriet: Does your car always rattle like this?

Elise: No, only when it's running.

All of us can't be jokes, but we can at least hand them in to the editor.

SCRAPS

In spite of the fact that the football team has only one victory on its list, the season has been a success in more than one way. In the first place, a fine spirit of sportsmanship has been shown in every game which P. H. S. has played. The cleanest, fairest sort of play has marked them. However, we don't have to confine ourselves to the virtue of the team. In fact, the team is a very promising one, and the next year we shall be sure to have higher scores on our side.

It is noteworthy that this season has aroused more interest in our athletics than has been evidenced for a long time. Larger crowds have seen the games, and more publicity has been given them. Both the student body and the city have supported the team by attending its games. The scores were as follows:

- P. S. S., 0; Newport News, 31.
- P. H. S., 0; R. U. Fresh, 20.
- P. S. S., 0; Portsmouth, 21.
- P. H. S., 3; Blackstone, 6.
- P. H. S., 0; Maury, 39.
- P. H. S., 6; McGuire, 6.
- P. H. S., 6; John Marshall, 13.
- P. H. S., 0; Lynchburg, 20.
- P. H. S., 18; Chester, 0.

The basketball season has opened, and twenty games are scheduled. Some fine players are on the teams, and we wish them success. That is, we wish ourselves success, for though we may sometimes refer to the team as "you," of course we *mean* "we." The tickets for students are only fifty

cents, and outside tickets are one dollar. There is nothing in the price to keep anyone away from the games, and much confidence is felt in the support of the school.

The Student Council was organized several weeks ago, and is now at work on its various problems. The Council consists of a representative from each grade in the school and the presidents of the various organizations. For some terms this organization has been working in the school. However, at first it did not accomplish so very much. It has become stronger with each term, and we wish it a most successful year. The officers are: William Farinholt, President; Virginia Gilliam, Vice-President; and Preston Hoy, Secretary.

The Page Literary Society has attracted much attention by its system of organization. Instead of having the single society, it has three branches, the Thomas Nelson Page Literary Society, the Page Special, and the Junior Page. The first is for upper classmen, the second for lower classmen, and the third for the seventh grade. This idea of having three societies is a splendid one, for it eliminates the crowded organization, and at the same time regulates each society.

The officers of the higher Page Society are: Mildred Smith, President; Preston Hoy, Vice-President; William Grossman, Secretary; and Anne Cameron, Treas-

urer. Mr. Powers is the faculty adviser. The Page Special has a membership of about sixteen. Its officers are: Robert Berkeley, President; Flora Willcox, Vice-President; Mary Harrison, Secretary; and Lucy Grossman, Treasurer. The Junior Page has nineteen members. The officers are: Aulick Burke, President; Virginia Lanier, Vice-President; William Zimmer, Secretary; and Helen Westmoreland, Treasurer. All three societies are successful, and their programs very interesting.

The Daniel Literary Society has an unusual program in view. A distinguished Petersburg novelist, Mr. Beale Davis, author of "One Way Street" and "The Goat Without Horns," has promised to speak to the society. The meeting will probably be an open one in order that the entire school may have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Davis.

The Senior Class has selected for its play "Why Smith Left Home," a comedy by George Broadhurst. Broadhurst is the author of "What Happened to Jones," which has already been produced in the school. "Why

Smith Left Home" is quite a humorous play, and it has enjoyed a successful run on the stage. We are expecting a fine production, for we know what P. H. S. is capable of doing when it comes to plays.

The necessary arrangements for The Roulette have been made as far as selection of the staff is concerned. The body of students who are bringing this out is an able one, and we shouldn't be surprised if the Annual for 1926 proves a record-breaker. Do not forget that The Roulette needs your support. Be sure that you order a copy and sell one at least to an outsider. For the first time in several years the job of printing this periodical has been given a Petersburg firm.

We want to congratulate The School Weekly News for the splendid product which it is giving us. This publication makes it possible for all of us to keep abreast of the news. The various departments and features are well worth reading, and The News is a credit to the class in journalism.

E. A. W.

EXCHANGES

Although we do not have a regular exchange department, we want to mention especially the following papers and magazines which we have received.

"The Nautilus," Greenville, S. C. A good magazine, showing lots of hard work. We want to congratulate you on the number of advertisements, but what on earth do you do with that enormous staff?

"Fine Yarns," Gastonia, N. C. The general arrangement of this paper reminds one of a daily newspaper. The style is good and the articles are interesting and well written.

"The Critic," Lynchburg, Va. A most interesting magazine. Scattering the jokes through the advertisements is a clever idea.

"The Herald," Springfield, Ill. This paper is well written. The "Who's Who" is an interesting feature.

"The Tattler," Atlanta, Ga. We like "The Tattler" because it is so full of live news, but we do wish you would use better printing.

"The Courier," Colchester, Ill. The editorials are good and the athletic department well edited.



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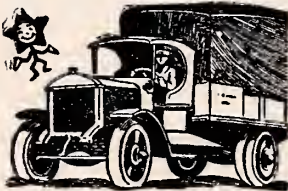
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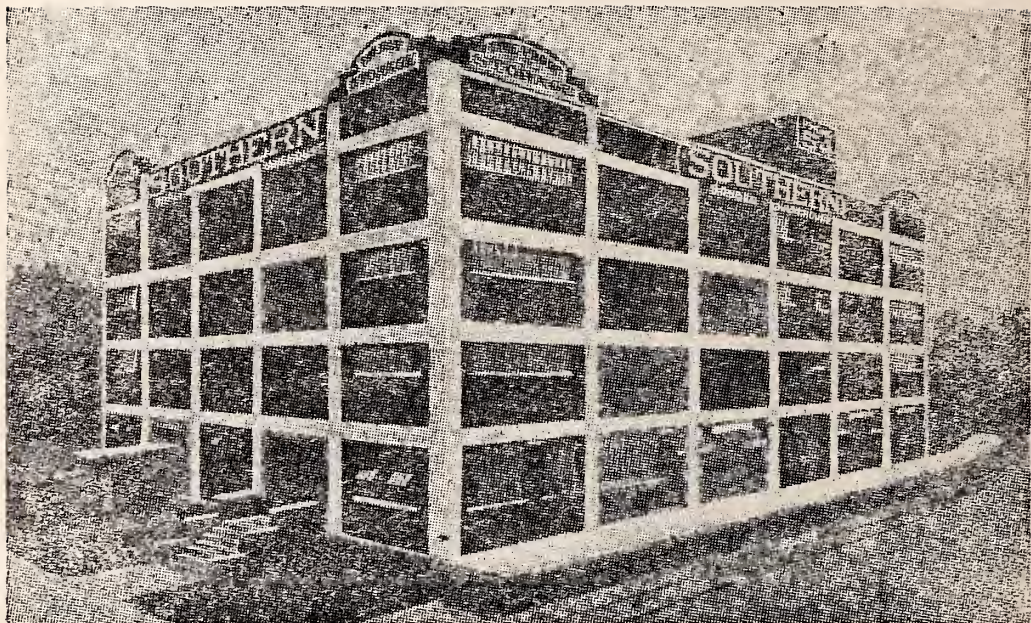
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